THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, November 17, 1806.

ORIGINAL DESCRIPTION *of* BUENOS AYRES.

[From Bell's Court and Fashionable Magazine.]

BUENOS AYRES, and South America, are very different from what the several public papers have represented them. I say South America, for the good people of England have been pleased to consider South America and Buenos Ayres as the same thing. I will observe by the way, that Buenos Ayres is to South-America what Gibraltar is to Europe, or the Cape of Good Hope to Africa. It is the mouth of one of the rivers of America, and that is all.

Buenos Ayres, like every town in Spanish America, is a small town situated on an area of great extent. I can give you no better idea of it than that upon recollection it strikes me as bearing an exact resemblance to Epping. Imagine the entrance of Epping to be a river, and the direction of the main street to be due north, the river running east and west, and you have an idea of the scite of Buenos Ayres. The town, therefore, does not lay along the banks of the river, but the street, commencing on the bank, runs up into the country; this is the main street, which is divided about the middle of its length by a street running parallel to the river. This is Buenos Ayres. The suburbs are alleys, or narrow streets, which run into one or the other of the main streets.

The main streets, four in number, that is to say, the bisections of the main streets with each other, have a show of opulence and taste; most of the houses are of stone, but none of them exceed two stories in height; the greater part are but one, I mean a ground floor. The Calle del Santa Trinidada, or Trinity-street, and the Calle del San Benito, or Benedict-street, are by far the handsomest of the whole; the first, which runs the

whole length of the town, is very regularly built, and occupied by only the better sort of the inhabitants. Almost every house has a garden before and behind, and all those that can afford it have balconies, with sun-shades and lattice-work, adorned with the most beautiful shrubs and flowers that the earth produces; here the family sit the best part of the day and night when they are not visiting, and take their coffee and chocolate, or play upon their guitars and mondolines. Most of the ladies have fine voices, so that the man who strolls about the town in the evening may enjoy the pleasure of a concert gratis, as he passes along.

The cathedral, which is built in a kind of Grecian architecture, is a very noble building, and deserves a better metropolis; it has a cupola of very excellent workmanship, and a portico to the western door, the design and execution of which would do honour to the most celebrated artist; it exactly resembles our St. Martin's church, in the Strand. This cathedral was the work of the Jesuits before their expulsion. The interior of this edifice, however, is, I think, too richly ornamented with carving and gilding, which gives it rather a tawdry appearance, but the inside of the dome is painted in a very tolerable manner, in compartments representing the acts of the apostles; the choir is adorned with paintings from the same subject.

The bishop, governor, and major-general, have each a separate stall, very superbly decorated with purple velvet, embroidered and fringed with gold; the governor's stall is, moreover, surmounted with the king's arms in gold and coloured velvet, which has a very grand effect. But, perhaps, a still more pleasing effect is produced by a very fanciful custom peculiar to the country, that of covering the whole inside of the churches with flowers and branches, which hang from one saint's day to another, and as fast as any of them die, or fade, their place is very carefully supplied by fresh.

The church of St. Francis, and that of the convent of Mercy, are likewise very beautiful buildings, with copulas and high steeples, in the same style as the cathedral, but not so profusely decorated. The church and convent of St. Francis stand in the street of the same name, which runs obliquely from the water to the grand square in the middle of the city, where the soldiers are sometimes exercised, as on the parade. On one side of this square stands the town-hall, a very large handsome building, erected on a plan of the Jesuits, who certainly may be called the fathers of architecture in this part of the world.

There are a great many other convents and nunneries dispersed over the city, some of them very large, and of a noble appearance, and all of them well inhabited. Nuns are here as plentiful

plentiful as monks, though they have not the same liberty of going in public. All these edifices, with the houses of the governor and major-general, together with the office of the receiver-general of the province, and a public hospital, are all built of stone; this stone is as white as milk, and is found in a plain in the immediate vicinity of the town. The barracks of the soldiers are of brick, as are some few of the houses; these have a miserable appearance, when contrasted with the beautiful whiteness of the public buildings, the fairness of which is preserved in a great degree by the frequent visits of the pampero, which wind is a most excellent bleacher. The fort, which commands the island of St. Gabriel, was considered as very strong before the late attack, being provided with many brass cannon; but the chief defence of the city was trusted to the dangerous navigation of the river Plata, which abounds in shoals, and in many places is but a sheet of water of a few inches depth, extended over a meadow or plain. Keep this idea in view, Sir, as it will enable you to judge of the difficulties of any future expeditions up that river.

The city of Buenos Ayres is seen to most advantage when viewed from an eminence. It then affords a pleasing prospect enough from the gardens and trees with which it abounds, contrasted with the whiteness of the houses, which in their colour, height, and form, greatly resemble those in the British colonies of North-America. But the effect of every thing is destroyed by the extreme dirtiness of the inhabitants, whose natural indolence is here cherished by the effects of the climate, and thus carried to the most fatal excess.

I have visited the United States, and what a contrast, Sir, between the cleanliness and activity of the Americans and the Spanish colonists; those most useful domestic articles, the mop and brush, are here totally unknown; scrubbing and scouring have no place in the Spanish dictionary, and I do believe, have never been heard of. The rooms of the wealthy are swept with a kind of broom made from a peculiar sort of grass, or flax, which grows in the swamps where the wild sugar cane is found; this is collected into a large tuft, not unlike a mop, and with this the slaves sweep, or rather wipe the rooms, which in summer are covered with a beautiful matting woven by the Indians, and in the winter with a carpet from Europe. White-washing would be far more grateful here than in the northern colonies, or United States, yet I do not believe that it is ever practised.

The whole life of a woman is here one complete scene of indolent monotony, and she would think herself degraded to the very lowest point of servitude, were she expected to take any active part in domestic economy. The servants and slaves follow the example of their superiors as sedulously as in Europe,

and no one of them will do the most slight work more than their allotted portion, be the consequence what it may.

I sometimes conjecture in my mind in what manner our officers and soldiers now at Buenos Ayres can exist as to the food of the country. Beef is, indeed, in great plenty, but the cooks and butchers of Buenos Ayres have as little idea of roast or boiled meat, or any tolerable way of cooking, as the Hottentots themselves; they slaughter animals, it is true, for their tables, but the flesh is cooked in such a mawkish way, or rather in no way at all, that I can call cooking, and is so messed up with fish, eggs, onions, oil, and garlic, that it requires the stomach of an Esquimaux to venture even to touch their most splendid dinners. As to roast beef, it is as little seen or known in South-America as an ingot of pure gold in the streets of London.

The fish at Buenos Ayres are delicious if they were not spoiled by the same cruel manner of dressing; the beautiful gold fish which we admire so much in Europe, are caught in shoals in the Plata, some of them a foot long, and proportionably large. During my abode in Buenos Ayres, about twelve years since, I had one of them served up for my dinner, cooked in plain water, and without any other sauce than pure unadulterated butter, instead of their nauseous oil. You must not misunderstand when I talk of butter in Buenos Ayres; I do not mean such as you call butter in England; the Buenos Ayres butter is of a very different kind; it is made not of cream, but of the fat of an ox, melted down and refined, a composition, in form and taste, exactly resembling what our English cook-maids call dripping; it was at least preferable to their horrid oil. This was the best dinner I ever made during my long stay at Buenos Ayres, and this will give you and your readers some idea of the good living in Spanish America. The manners of the inhabitants differ very much from those of the mother country. The Spaniards of the new world have none of the gravity of the old Castilians; the young men are coxcombs, and what women there are are Parisian coquettes. The young men wear a dress much more tasty than the Spaniards of Europe; it is made more airily, and, instead of cloth, their trowsers, doublets, and cloak, are made of black cotton; the latter, however, is most frequently scarlet. Their hats are of Genoese velvet, and their shoes and stockings of silk; the former, instead of buckles, have large tufts of silk. There are very few of them who have not an English gold watch, and gold-headed canes were coming into fashion when I left Monte Video. The watches are carried in a girdle, which is bound round their waist.

There is another peculiarity of Buenos Ayres which I must not forget, that is, the dexterity and science of their irrigation; every

every garden has its reservoir; the water is supplied from the river, which is conducted to the reservoir through a kind of sluice made of osiers woven very strong and thick, which open like our flood-gates, used in inland navigation. The water, thus admitted, is sent in small channels round the parterres, and most commonly a quantity of it is retained in a second large bason, or reservoir. These receptacles are formed of brick, strongly cemented, and surrounded with walls about five or six feet high, with steps on the outside up to the margin, and down likewise on the inside to the bottom, which is usually, from the elevation of the wall, about twenty feet. When this supply is very low, a circumstance which often happens, occasioned by the north-east wind, which repels the waters of the river towards the sea, in this case it is difficult beyond conception to procure a sufficiency of water for the consumption of the city. The reservoirs, therefore, are most carefully attended to, and irrigation, as to the gardens and fields in the immediate vicinity of the city, studied and practised as an art.

There is another circumstance of the first concern to our brave soldiers and officers now on this scene of action, and which, unless duly provided against, may even have an effect upon the success of our expeditions in future—this is the water of La Plata, and its singular and fatal effect upon Europeans. The water of this river is clear as crystal, and sparkles like champagne, but its coldness, when drank, brings on dysenteries, and other dangerous diseases; the most fatal complaint, however, and one that never fails to attack Europeans, I say, never, for I never knew an instance of an entire escape from it, is what I call the black fever; I believe it has no name in the *Materia Medica* of England or Europe, and being the only disease known there, it is called simply the fever. It is a most horrible malady; I can give you no other idea of it than by stating its apparent cause,—a general stagnation, and consequent mortification of the blood; the veins are as tense and tight as if ready to burst.

I will not trespass farther upon your limits than by another remark, which is, the surprizing difference of a *coup d'œil* in Europe and America. Every thing there is on a gigantic scale. There is one only exception, and that is with regard to the feathered tribe. The birds of America, the smaller kinds, are little larger than twice the size of a large bee; but this defect on the part of magnitude, is most amply compensated upon another score,—that of beauty. The province of Chili, Paraguay, and La Plata, is celebrated for producing birds of the most beautiful plumage, the banks of the river being nearly covered with those lovely little creatures of almost every description; among which the most remarkable is the celebrated humming bird, so well and so often described by naturalists and travellers;

lers; here they are natives, and frequently I have seen swarms of them, when walking on the banks of La Plata, flying on every side like so many bees, resting on the shrubs, and sucking the flowers, which form the principal part of their sustenance. They are very tame, so much so, indeed, as at times to be very troublesome, when they come by dozens together, humming around your head.

NAVIGATOR.

FASHIONS *for* NOVEMBER.

English Costume.

A Walking Dress.

A Walking dress of plain cambric muslin, with a simple wrap front, and frock back. A pelisse of fawn-coloured sarsnet, trimmed all round with mohair fringe, flowing open, but which is occasionally wrapped round the figure, as taste or inclination may direct. Mountain bonnets of natural straw, worn low on the forehead. Bow of fawn-coloured riband on the left side, continued under the chin, and terminating there, with bows and ends. High shoes and parasol of fawn colour, with white fringe and bows. Limerick gloves.

An Evening Dress.

Plain clear muslin petticoat, with a short train worn over white sarsnet, bordered at the bottom, a little above the hem, in a Vandyke of shaded green chenille. A Spanish demi-robe of white satin, sloped in the form of a crescent behind and before, and terminating on each side in a point, from whence is suspended a tassel of chenille; the under waist, plaited in front, and a demi-wrap commencing on the right shoulder, crosses the bosom, and terminates on the left side of the waist; worked backs, somewhat higher than usual; an under sleeve of white satin, embroidered at the edge, to correspond with the bottom of the dress; a muslin sleeve over, full at the bottom, and gathered into a pearl broach in the centre of the arm. Lace tucker to shade the bosom, quite straight. Flora cap of green velvet, with a flowing border of deep lace, caught up in front with a pearl ornament. Hair in crossed bands, with a few simple curls beneath, falling on one eye-brow. Pearl necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets. White satin shoes; and white kid gloves, above the elbow.

Parisian

Parisian Costume.

Walking Dress.

A plain frock of French cambric, simply open, hemmed at the bottom; the bosom cut low, gathered into a narrow worked band, and buttoned down the back; full sleeve, gathered into two rows of puckered net, and tied at the back of the arm with pale pink riband; a sash of the same colour, fastened behind in small bows, with unequal ends, not exceeding one yard. Bonnet of white straw, a la Pamela, tied so close as nearly to conceal the chin; crown of pink figured sarsnet; a puffing of riband round, and bow and ends in front. Hair in loose curls. Brown India shawl, checked with pink. Amber ear-rings, and brooch. Brown kid high shoes, laced with pink cord. Tan coloured gloves, fastened above the elbow with a puckered glove-top. Pink parasol.

Full Dress.

A white crape under dress, white satin over it, embroidered up the front and round the bottom with a border of tulips. A Circassian robe of lilac sarsnet, embroidered with the same, in natural colours; robin back, cut very low; sleeves of white satin, very full, with crape cuffs, embroidered in colours to correspond with the robe; plain round bosom, very low, with a simple tucker of plaited net, an erect plaiting of Vandyke lace, commencing from the edge of the shoulder, and continuing round the back. A white silk fringe round the bottom of the petticoat, and up the sides of the robe. Bandeau of laurel leaves in foil, round the temples and across the forehead, totally obscuring the flow of hair. Plain bands, however, are seen above, united in a bow on the top, and attached to a jockey crown of white satin, ornamented with foil. Three curled ostrich feathers in front. Diamond necklace and ear-rings. Gloves, accidentally below the elbow. Shoes of white satin, with bows of silver embossed riband, Fan of white crape, ornamented in natural flowers of foil.

OCCASIONAL ESSAYS.

No. IV.

Mr. Editor,

THE late Lord Chesterfield, it is said, was never seen to laugh himself, and conceived it a vulgarism in any one who did. With all due deference to that thorough master of the human heart, I cannot perceive either crime or ill manners in an honest, hearty laugh; where Momus prepares the feast,

and sends, with wit and pleasantry, the exhilirating jest home to the heart; for point and pleasantry must combine. But it would be paying a very ill compliment to a judicious, and sensible mind, to suppose that lessons which strike forcibly on the human heart, may not be better relished by the palate of real taste, than the broad jest, which disperses and evaporates in the broad grin, leaving no *moral* trace behind. A pure system of morality, in whatever lively colours it may be drest, I conceive an indispensable duty on every public writer to support, and would rather hazard the imputation of dullness, than wantonly, wound the feeling, generous bosom, or tinge the mantling cheek of blushing modesty.

An ingenious writer has observed, that wit is a faculty of the soul, and never seen to create more on the countenance, than a soft curl of a smile; but *humour*, that complexion of the heart! —will, in spite of all the good breeding in the world, and all Lord Chesterfield's arguments in favour of *grace* to boot, produce a very horse-laugh, which, with all his lordship's classic elegance, he might himself have found, at times, extremely difficult to smother. Wit and humour have—" *Sat the table on a roar.*"—Alas! poor Yorick!

Lord Chesterfield, as an elegant, classical scholar, a state physician, an encourager and professor of the liberal arts, together with his thorough knowledge of men and manners, and polished conversation, must ever be considered as one of the most brilliant ornaments of the age he lived in. To enter into a thorough investigation of his letters, would be tedious and unentertaining at this season, the subject being too stale for the present day; I shall therefore only observe, that though it might be highly proper and parental for Lord Chesterfield to write such letters to young Stanhope, and highly proper also, for persons of distinction to observe the etiquettes of the *graces*, (a redundancy of which, tiresome to the ear, and insipid to the reader,) so elaborately marked out in those letters, and so richly exemplified in his lordship's own conduct and manners, yet I can by no means recommend them as a monitorial guide to a young man designed to tread the path of private life; and to persons whose minds are incapable of seeing deeper than the surface, and whose understandings take only a superficial view of things, caught by the sublimity, and elegance of the style, they have done much mischief. On their first publication, they were read mostly on the score of *fashion*, and their precepts studied so accurately, that even to this day, we see folly shining most conspicuously from their effects, all the mercers and man milliners in London have still paroxisms of the Chesterfieldian mania remaining, and in presenting a piece of silk, or roll of riband to a lady, must do it with some peculiar *grace*. The lady stands in admiration at the puppy's confidence, and reflects

within herself, whether her own *bright eyes* might not have suddenly disordered her intellects, or the poor creature swallowed a glass too much.

I once knew a carpenter who devoted near an hour every Sunday morning to the paring of his nails; *chizzling* them, if I may be allowed the expression, into that beautiful *segment*, so strongly recommended by his lordship in one or more of his letters to young Stanhope. Observing him to bestow so much time and labour on a trifle, I asked him the reason of all that attention? He replied, with a look of contemptuous astonishment, "Surely, Madam, you can never have read Lord Chesterfield's letters, or you would not have put so absurd a question!

To such beings as the carpenter, I only recommend, that whenever they meet with the book, to throw it immediately from them, without indulging themselves with a look, to prevent evil consequences; but to those who have minds to conceive, understandings to discern, and judgment to distinguish, it is a treasure carefully to be preserved, not of *morals*, but as the truest mirror of the *graces*, and of refined and polished manners. With those born to sparkle in the brilliant hemisphere of a court, the etiquettes of one should be strictly attended to; but such etiquettes nicely observed in various other departments in life, border on the ridiculous. I have remarked, these admired letters were principally read on their first appearance in the score of fashion, and as fashion does not confine herself to books alone, but will sport and frolic as fancy dictates, I shall beg leave to touch a little on fashionable *marriages*; a fashion which has had so long a run, that I fear the *rage* will never be over.

Formerly indeed the little god, with his bow and quiver and filleted forehead, appeared the most joyous in the hymeneal band; but now, with persons of rank and condition, such a guest is unbidden to the nuptial feast, and the saffron-robed deity alone claims all the honour, lights the shackled pair to bed, there extinguishes his torch, and leaves the rest—"*indifferently to fate.*"

Indeed if the ecclesiastical law did not require a bedding to consummate a wedding, the torch, in all probability, would be extinguished at the altar; for such is now the assumption of noble blood, over that of the plebeian, that, after the first fortnight, it would be indelicately unfashionable to be shaded under the same skreen.

Lord and Lady Bon Ton began their connubial career in all the full blaze and splendour of fashion! The witty author of Tom Jones, observes—The only unhappy situation in marriage, is a state of indifference. Where people love one another they have pleasure in obliging, and where they hate each other,

they have equal pleasure in *tormenting*; but where there is neither love, nor hatred, of course no desire either to please or plague, comfort is sent a begging. How far the noble pair above alluded to, may put in their claim for the *flitch of bacon*, must be adduced from the following conversation. This loving couple seldom met, but at the breakfast table, when the follies of the last twenty-four hours, became the topics of their agreeable *tete a tete*.

The countess began with—"Yes, my dear, I think I was pretty even with Lady Blab for her *tatting*. The whole company will remember the story of the *butter*, and her ladyship's blushes in consequence; ha! ha! ha! I think I was never more thoroughly diverted!"

"True, my love; I must confess there was some *salt* in it, and my charming Betsy excelled herself. The story will spread like a blazing fire; split me! I wish I had been there. Though, upon honour! I was not much less entertained. Lord Wormwood was of our party last night, and you know he would as soon pay her ladyship's alimony, as drop in with me, ever since I robbed him of his *signora*. But who could withstand such a heaven of charms! O 'pon honour! I forgive his resentment, the incomparable jilt *dished* him so compleatly! I saw his chagrin, so provokingly introduced the *noseguy* business. It cut him to the quick—keen as a razor—I thought Lord Dilberry would have burst! and curse me! if ever I enjoyed any thing so much in my life."

"Nothing can withstand your lordship's wit, when you are pleased to indulge the satirical vein. But do you know, my dear, I have been so unfortunate to lose the whole of my quarter's pin money? and must request your lordship will accommodate me with a few hundreds, till fortune turns her wheel, and I can retrieve my losses, which must be shortly, as I am too much an *adept* to be out of elbows long."

"Gads curse it! Madam, I have had this week a bloody tumble myself. Lost a cool seven hundred to Colonel Cog, and my honour now pledged for nearly as many thousands, with every acre under mortgage, and unless little *Moses* raises the wind to day among the *Israelites*, I could as soon raise the ghost of my grandfather as five pound five."

"I suppose, my lord, you forget I brought your lordship eighty thousand pounds?"

"Your ladyship's indelicacy reminds me daily of the consequences, and the vulgar appendage thrown into the scale to the bargain. Whatever was the inducement, your ladyship's glass must acquit me of making a sacrifice to *beauty*."

"O as to that, my lord, we are on a par; your lordship's *milky* countenance and *spindle* shanks, could not be overlooked; whatever might be your lordship's inducements, mine alone was the

the *title.* Your lordship's other valuable appendages, were ever, and ever will be my *aversion.* But have a care, my lord, I am not to be ill treated with impunity. There is one among the number of your lordship's friends to whom I could not sue in vain, and under such *trying* circumstances, regardless of your lordship's honour, I may, perhaps, forget my own."

"Curse me, Madam, but your ladyship's immaculate person is entirely at your own disposal. I care not if the black gentleman himself helped you out at a dead lift, so I obtained swinging damages, and procured a divorce. You have my full consent to plunge over head and ears again into your family *treacle hogshead,* from which I condescendedly raised you to the dignity of a countess."

This was more than the patience of her ladyship could bear; the countenance of the high bred woman of fashion, in a moment outreddened a pirate's flag, and with all the vulgar spirit of a virago, aimed the full contents of a dish of tea plump in his lordship's face; but, luckily, averting the discharge, the hot deluge only scalded the lap-dog. My lord manfully seized the slop bason, but a thundering rap, resembling a tattoo beat on a drum head, at that instant at the door, announcing the approach of a visitor, put an end to the polite altercation, and both right honourable countenances at once became placid and serene, and Lady Blab, on her entrance, beheld with envy, the most domestic, affectionate, and happiest couple in the universe!

Having shewn the dark side of the picture, it is but justice to exhibit the reverse; I shall therefore dedicate the subsequent part of this number to *bachelors,* more particularly

"Old Bachelors."

As taxes are yearly found necessary to augment the revenue of the state, I propose, Mr. Editor, that a very heavy one should be inflicted on every bachelor in Great Britain after such an age; for I would give them time to sow their wild oats, but not to reap all the harvest: so that when infirmities lead them to the temple of Hymen, a young, handsome wife, has only the gleanings of the field, where nothing is to be found but chaff and stubble. Many advantages would arise by a tax on old bachelors. Some necessary article of life might be repealed, by throwing the burthen on such unnecessary things as these, who are nothing more than crabbed lumber to society; and might be the means too, of rouzing such dull, insensible, apethetic souls from their lethargy, so that they may become useful members of the common wealth. Besides, war again produces scarcity, and sound policy dictates, that while recruits are raising for service abroad, the home department should not be neglected.

Gentlemen—I appeal to you. What is so attractive as beauty? What so sweetly amiable as gentle feminine manners? What so truly captivating as good sense? Where affections are reciprocal, the married man is truly honourable; he links together the cordial bonds of society and love, and pays, with gratitude, the bounties of his creator, and the protection his country affords him, by becoming a useful member of the community.

What is there so desirable in life, so beauteous, and so proper, as a sweet, tender, companionable wife? a virtuous wife, a sensible wife, and a loving wife? It is impossible to behold such another gracious being! Once more, gentlemen, take a view of the fair, lovely objects, who every where fascinate the eye, and call up your attention, and if there is one among you, who is still determined to tread that path of endless disgrace —the bachelor's walk, and live single,—I will venture to pronounce him, the foe of his own happiness, an enemy to his country, destructive to the world, a rebel to nature, and living in a state of apostacy against Heaven and earth.

The History of Mr. Sawyer Dickens, a Wealthy Banker.

(Continued from Page 884.)

THE first use Mr. Dickens made of his knowledge was to cajole the two junior partners of the house into an abandonment of their shares in his favour, for what appeared to them a splendid remuneration. The two others, he calculated were old; and though they both had children, he strenuously objected to the admission of any of their progeny into the Bristol bank.

In the mean time his bride, who was a woman of plain good sense, without any thing remarkably vicious or virtuous in her composition, brought this man of wealth a son and heir, who was baptized, in honour of his mother's first husband, by the name of Sawyer.

In paying this compliment to his spouse, Dickens, however, had a latent motive; for, as the firm of the bank was still Sawyer and Co. he looked forward the fifth part of a century, when it might still be Sawyer Dickens and Co. with his son at the head of the house.

The same cunning made him appear to yield to his wife, in consenting to retain the coach and black geldings which old Sawyer had sported before him. For though the provender of coachman and horses often cost him a sigh, yet he understood enough of banking to know that it would injure his credit to put down an equipage, and he was therefore compelled

to

to go to church in his coach. Similar motives induced him to retain the same household establishment, and to cultivate the same expensive connections which his predecessor had courted.

The experience of every day now brought fresh joy to Mr. Dickens. Seated in his counting-house, with all the consequence of wealth, this Bristol Plutus, who, a few years back, had followed, almost barefoot, the York waggon to London, now received the bows and the cringing applications of merchants, peers, and even statesmen, for the loan of small parts of that wealth which he had accumulated and acquired. With what rapture did his keen eyes regale themselves upon the bonds, deeds, mortgages, and other securities, which the folly, the extravagance, or the misfortune of others, poured into his coffers! Every sigh which the embarrassed man breathed in his hearing was a plaudit to his prudence, and the tears which repentant prodigality shed in his sight, proved nutriment to the selfishness which had inspired him with the love of hoarding.

The climax of his prosperity, however, was yet to come. One of the oldest and wealthiest banking-houses in the metropolis was reduced to the most imminent danger of bankruptcy, by the imprudent speculations of one of the partners, who had employed immense sums in a foreign concern, which sums accident prevented from recurring to the bank at the expected period. The same cause which occasioned this disastrous disappointment operated upon the mercantile interest in general, and money was not to be obtained at any premium or on any security.

The general dismay and distress of that period were, to men like Mr. Dickens, subjects of self-gratulation, and sources of still further gain. He, among the few whose hoards enabled them to avail themselves of such an opportunity, and who had knowledge enough of money affairs to perceive it, aware that the gloom was temporary, purchased the national funds, then beyond all precedent depressed, at such prices as almost doubled his immense property. To crown the whole, the chief partner in the banking-house alluded to, as a last resource to save his tottering credit, applied to Mr. Dickens. Estates in Cumberland, of far greater value than the amount of all their wants, were pledged, as a security that the borrowers should replace, at a stated time, in the funds, as much stock, at whatever price it might be purchased, as was now disposed of to supply their need, and for the use of which a premium was given so infamously usurious that it was never named. By this transaction the credit of the banking-house was saved; and, while many of lesser note were shattered to irremediable ruin by the pressure of the times, the house of Darlington and Co. stood

stood firm, or rose, if possible, more proudly eminent than it was before the general shock.

Mr. Darlington was a man of worth and honour. He was descended from the younger branch of a noble family, and was in every respect worthy of his nobility. He had a son, a partner in the bank, whose sanguine temper had been the cause of their embarrassment, and he had a young and lovely daughter.

Time, in his ceaseless flight, soon stole away the months between the day of borrowing and the day of payment. The younger Darlington, whose indiscretion had so nearly proved fatal to the house, with a zeal honourable to his memory, determined to repair as much as possible the injury he had occasioned, by visiting, in person, the plantations he had purchased in the West Indies; and inspecting, with his own eyes, the accounts of his agents, which his hopes prompted him to believe exaggerated, if not false. These shadowy hopes, however, vanished before the fatal truth. He found his affairs even worse than they had been represented; still greater losses threatened him—his ardent spirit could not submit to the blow of stern adversity—remorse was followed by despair—he sickened, and died upon the plantation.

This calamity in a moment dissolved for ever all the fond hopes of the unfortunate father. The bonds to Mr. Dickens thus were forfeited; the mortgaged lands, the mansion of his forefathers; and, in fact, the key to all the property which Darlington possessed was thus in the custody of Dickens, for on his mercy the credit of the bank now poised.

The Bristol banker was soon apprized of this state of Darlington's affairs. He felt no surprise; in fact, excepting the death of young Darlington, he had looked to just such a termination of the transaction; and that event, however melancholy to the father, was to him a source of further satisfaction. Without loss of time he repaired to London, taking with him his son, Sawyer Dickens. Knowing, by experience, the importance of a good education, Dickens had determined to bestow upon this his only child as much learning as he had capacity to receive. For this purpose, he had provided him, at home, with the best tutors in all the branches of education, fearing that at a school he might imbibe habits of expense, and idle notions of generosity,—a danger from which he well knew he was secure at home.

Thus, at the age of eighteen, Sawyer Dickens was as well stored with acquirements, as most boys of the same age, educated even at the best public schools. His disposition was marked by nothing remarkably vicious, nor did it display itself in any acts of generosity or kindness. If any trait of his mind was at that early period more conspicuous than another,

it was that sort of feeling, which has frequently been denominated purse pride, and which, perhaps, cannot be more significantly expressed. From his father and his mother he received lessons upon the importance of wealth; and, indeed, from all that he saw and heard around him under their roof, he could not fail to imbibe a conviction of the omnipotence of riches.

(To be continued.)

MORE MISERIES!

1.*

WEARING one's great coat through the middle of a sultry day, then omitting to put it on the following day; and being now detained for the want of it, after getting half wet through, in scampering from one sheltering-place to another; being detained, remember, in this predicament, from the company of the woman you love best, and with whom you promised to dine. Staying also beyond the hour of dinner in a common dram-shop, into which you were inevitably obliged to retreat, wih a dirty fellow, drunk, and snoring at your elbow; the rain pelting in torrents, and no prospect of your escaping. —N. B. A *real* misery! and one that is not unlikely to befal any man who loves a woman, and proposes to dine with her, but is overtaken by a tempest while proceeding to fulfil his engagement.

2.

Sitting alone for nearly an hour, in a room not the most cheerful, where you had passed the preceding day in the delightful society of two charming girls—anxiously expecting, every minute, the return of one, (who, at last, disappoints you!) and enduring the bitter certainty of the absence of the other.

3.

On the immediate prospect of an agreeable settlement, after being tossed to and fro for years, earnestly inviting a particular friend to visit you from a distance, who arrives (when he was never expected) twelve months after your solicitations to see him; just as you are on the eve of quitting your residence, owing to difficulties which you could not foresee or avoid, and, notwithstanding your feelings, in circumstances which you cannot communicate to him.—Is not this one of the "Miseries of Human Life?"

4

* Vide the book entitled, "Miseries of Human Life."

4.

After many hours of anxious anticipation, just as you are seated at the tea-table with no other companion than a most interesting girl, being suddenly mortified by the unwelcome intrusion of a visitor, whose presence effectually terminates the pleasure of the evening! Each party every now and then glancing at the other, nothing spoken during the greater part of the time, and all parties restless and discontented. Is not this also one of the "Miseries of Human Life?"

5.

While you are standing engaged in earnest conversation with one person, another suddenly approaching you, whose consequence imperiously requires your instantaneous homage. Hastily facing about, therefore, to bow to the great man, you unavoidably fix your posteriors in the lap of him with whom you had been before conversing; when sensible of your miscarriage, and briskly turning to make an apology to your friend, you most unluckily bump, in the same direction, against the great man himself.—This, though a laughable one, is a true "Misery."

AMICUS.

The TOMB *of* ODIN.

THE tomb called Odenshog, in the plain of New Axvall, at Westrogothia, in Sweden, was lately opened for the purpose of examination. In it was found a stone vault, about fifteen yards long by eight wide; having an entrance at the east end. The sides of this vault were of large blocks of rock stone, raised like walls, to the height of four or five yards, and each of its pediments was formed of a single lump. The bottom of the vault was paved with similar stones, and around its sides were several skeletons in a sitting posture: they amounted together to nineteen, and were each placed in niches, or excavations; two pikes, and two knives of flint stone, were also found in this depositary. The bones crumbled into dust on the touch. It is supposed that this cemetery, which from time immemorial has borne the name of Odin, contains the remains of that celebrated prince, and the members of his family.

REFLECTION.

A General election unavoidably makes a great bustle. But how seldom is it, that the sending honest and able men to parliament is the chief object attended to!

AN ANECDOTE.

AN attorney, in presenting a copy of a writ to an auctioneer at Brighton, a short time ago, apologised for his unfriendly visit, and concluded by hoping the other would not be angry, as he was merely performing an unpleasant duty of his profession. "Certainly not," said the auctioneer, "and I also must attend to mine. This said, he instantly *knocked him down!*

CHARACTER *of the* DUKE *of* GUISE.

IN the character of the duke of Guise, who flourished in the reign of Henry III. king of France, a variety of endowments, both of person and mind, were united. His stature and aspect were stately and noble; his mien and air, expressive both of diguity and sweetness, rendered his address the most courteous and insinuating that can be imagined. He appeared to be formed alike for the life of a courtier and a soldier, by his polished manners, by the vivacity of his temper, and the vigour of his constitution. With every symptom of a liberal and generous spirit, the indications of the powers of his mind, and the strength of his natural genius, were no less conspicuous. Elevated in his aims, bold and steady in his pursuit of them, he joined to signal penetration and fortitude a surprising coolness and patience in expecting distant events to favour them.

In another view of his character, the merit of such remarkable ingredients of it was diminished, and the lustre of several of them effaced. With little variety in his words, and artificial in his courtesy, it required that confidence he had in the power of his address to support his habitual dissimulation. Boundless in his ambition; licentious, but crafty in the means of supporting it; he contrived to aggravate the misfortunes of his country, and of his sovereign, without being able to reach the object he had in view.

As a great captain and politician, he might be ranked with the first of his age; but the history of his enterprizes will mark his character rather an illustrious than a laudable one.

Answer, by Robert Maffett, of Plymouth, to A. B.'s Question, inserted August 4, 1806.

PUT x, y, and z, for the three numbers required, then will the second equation be truly expressed by $x^4+x^3+x^2 = 69{,}888$, from which x will be found $=16$, $y=64$, and $z=$ to 256.

☞ W. Backhouse, Evercreech, has sent a similar answer.

Answer, by W. Cross, of Bristol, to W. D.'s Charade, inserted September 15.

THE numeral *V*, combin'd with ICE,
Will form the hideous thing called VICE.

‡‡ The like answers have been received from William Varcoe, of Mevagissey; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; P. Codd, and R. Gidley, of Dean Prior; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. S. and H. Stoneman, of Exeter; Sophia, of Modbury; M. P. M. of Marazion; J. Ryan, and B Belcher, of East Stonehouse; J. Matthews, of Dartmouth; J Fairweather, near Kingsbridge; J. Lewis, of Poole; J. Whitnell, of Ashcott; G. P. O. of Beer; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; J. Woodman, of North Curry; J. Howell, of Bridport; and J. C. of Ottery.

Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to Golontribus's Rebus, inserted September 15.

YOUR first and second join'd with LASS,
Will shew your whole is ISINGLASS.

†§† We have received the like answer from Henry Stoneman, Thomas Whicker, and J. S. of Exeter; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; William Cross, of Bristol; Sophia, of Modbury; J. Ryan, of East-Stonehouse; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; J. Matthews, of Dartmouth; M. P. M. of Marazion; John Whittle, of Upway; and J. Lewis, of Poole.

A CHARADE, *by P. Codd, of Dean Prior.*

MY first you'll presently expound,
It is an easy, gentle blow;
Tumultuous is my second found,
Where strife and envious passions grow:
My whole presents a man of fame,
May ev'ry Briton be the same!

An ANAGRAM, *by J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.*

A Joint of meat aright transpose,
A savage beast it will disclose;
One letter change, transpose again,
A famous river 'twill explain;
This word again transpose aright,
'Twill bring a row or rank to sight;
One letter add to this with care,
You'll find what many people wear.

A REBUS, *by J. Howell, of Bridport.*

THE place, ingenious youths, explore,
From whence we get the aurum ore;
When that is done, I pray you'll find
A pleasant time for thoughtful minds;
Then try again, and let me know,
From whence best horses come, I trow;
And next I pray a colour find,
To which the martial are inclin'd:
The initials, join'd aright, will show
A fruit that doth in England grow.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Stanzas, supposed to be spoken by a Father, after the Death of his favourite Infant-Daughter.

SWEET infant! thou art flown
From this inclement clime,
To where pure bliss is known,
Above the reach of time.

With thee, Oh could I fly!
From ev'ry sorrow free:
Ah! could I break this tie
Of care and misery!

Oh how I long to soar
To the bright realms above!
Where hate shall be no more,
But everlasting love.

Where my dear Saviour reigns,
The prince of endless peace;
Where, from all mortal pains,
Man finds a sweet release.

Redeemer! Oh descend!
Dissolve this earthly tie!
Into thy arms, my friend,
Enraptur'd, let me fly!

There be it my employ
Thy matchless love to sing;
There live in endless joy,
With my immortal king!

Trent. B. AYRES.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

LINES *written on a* THUNDER STORM.

THE fanning zephyrs cease to play,
Dark clouds obscure the face of day;
Thick vapours o'er each other rise,
And darkness covers all the skies.
Long threat'ning—now the thunders roll,
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Whole sheets of fire from heaven descend,
And to the earth their courses bend;
The way-worn travellers eye the storm,
And trace the vivid lightning's form;
As thro' the air it swiftly flies,
And sets on fire the gloomy skies.
Trees, mansions, and the cloud-capp'd spire,
Fall victims to this pow'rful fire;

Nor

Nor man escapes its potent force,
But falls a parch'd and blacken'd corse;
The sailors toss'd upon the wave,
In vain attempt their lives to save;
Their labouring efforts all prove vain,
And their deep tomb's the watery main.
But now the stormy rage is o'er,
The awful thunder rolls no more;
The active lightnings cease to fly,
And calm repose o'erspreads the sky.

Bristol. W. D.

The PEASANT's SLEEP.

SWEET is the peasant's sleep!
Sweet, if by toil he earns his bread:
He knows not half the care and dread
Which agitate the rich man's mind,
And make him watch and weep;
But casting sorrow to the wind,
Sweet is the peasant's sleep!

Refreshing are his dreams!
No tantalizing scenes of wealth
Mock him, possess'd of ease and health,
He fears not murderers, storms, nor fire,
The rich man's nightly themes;
But innocence and peace inspire
His light and pleasant dreams.

And when the cheerful morn
The watchful cock proclaims aloud,
Light fly his slumbers, as a cloud,
Reflected by the noon-day sun,
On wings of light is borne;
No head-ache veils, in mantle dun,
The peasant's happy morn.

Goddess of sweet repose!
When toil invites my limbs to rest,
With thy warm pinions shield my breast;
Breathe thro' my lips thy kindest dreams,
My willing eye-lids close,
And as the peasant's slumber seems,
Be such my fond repose.

ELEGY *on the* DEATH *of a* FAVOURITE BIRD.

OH cruel, unrelenting fate!
Couldst thou no other victim find?
Thou'st robbed me of my little guest,
And left no recompence behind.
Cheer'd by his notes I rose each morn,
His presence dissipated care;
But now a solemn silence reigns,
And melancholy and despair.
In vain I court oblivion's power
To calm the tumult of my breast,
Imagination still pourtrays
My songster in his clay-cold nest.

EUPHEMIA.